

# The Athens Post.

BY SAM. P. IVINS.

ATHENS, TENN., FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1854.

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## TERMS:

THE POST is published every Friday at \$2 per year, payable in advance, or \$3, if payment is delayed until the expiration of the year.

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Office on Main street, next door to the old Jackson Hotel.

## THE POST.

ATHENS, FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1854.

At a Democratic Convention held at Madison, Florida, on Monday, the 10th inst., the Hon. A. E. Maxwell was unanimously nominated for re-election.

We see it stated that there are over half a million bushels of corn yet on the Illinois river waiting transportation to market.

THE UNION OF EXTREMES.—The "Washington Union" is so called from its alternative blowing hot and cold—vacillating between the Free Soilers and hard shellism—talking everything and sticking to nothing.

WASHINGTON, July 17. The U. S. Senate on Monday was engaged in a discussion on the Homestead Bill, in the course of which sharp words passed, on the subject of Native Americanism, between Senators Dodge and Clayton—the latter offering to fight the former.

A rattlesnake was killed near Carnesville, Franklin county, Ga., on the 17th inst., by Isaac Adair, which measured eight feet six inches long, and seventeen inches round the body, and had nineteen rattles.

DEATH OF THE NOTORIOUS JOAQUIN.—The Placer (California) Democrat thus describes the death of this celebrated bandit, after a long pursuit by a party of Rangers, and Lieut. Byrnes—"They (the bandits) were encamped on the bank of the Rio Contara, at its sink. They were mistaken as to the character of their approaching enemies—supposing the Rangers to be mustang catchers—until Byrnes was within 15 feet of Joaquin, to whom he cried out, 'Joaquin, I have got you at last.' Joaquin made no reply, but immediately mounted a beautiful bay mare, and at tempted to ride off. A running fight now took place, Martini retreated to a high bank; three of the men followed him; his animal was very fast, until Mr. White shot her in the leg with his rifle, which so disabled her as to prevent her traveling. Joaquin now dismounted, threw up his hands, and cried out in Spanish, 'Don't shoot again—I am dead.' He immediately fell on his face, and died almost instantaneously—having received at least half a dozen balls in his body. The others were fighting in another direction.—Three-fingered Jack and three others were killed, and one taken to Martinez, where he was hung."

MR. SLOW ON SYMPATHY.—The Boston Post reproduces the following moral reflection of Mr. Slow:

"Binelech," said Mr. Slow, solemnly extending his arm like a pump handle, "you are now old enough to understand the words of wisdom—being eleven and a half, in other words half-past eleven—and I wish to advise you never to interfere with me, nor to interfere with me, nor to interfere with me. Shut yourself up, like a gold eagle in your pocket book, and don't get spent in too much concern for others. If people are inclined to go to ruin, let 'em go if they're a mind to—what business is it of yours? Let 'em fight it out. Why should you risk your precious blood in trying to save them? When you trade, allers look to your side of the bargain; and leave the one you are trading with to look after his. If he gets bit 'taint your fault. Take keer of number one is a scripter, the real golden rule, and he that acts unto it never can be poor. Never have anything to do with sympathy. Sympathy doesn't pay. Taint worth one cent. But if you must be sympathetic because it's popular, be sure before you begin that it aint going to cost you anything, and then 'praps 'twill do to invest in it. Nobody never lost anything by not being generous, so lay by for yourself what folks expects you to give to poor people and other regards, and when you are old it will not depart from you. You will have something to count on to make you happy. Pay your doctor's bills; confound a hospital, and buy a grave stone full of exalted virtues. Be careful, Binelech; allers look after the main chance, and beware of sympathy."

THE KNOW NOTHING.—A municipal election in the borough of Chambersburg, Pa., for a member of the local council in the place of one who had resigned, has resulted thus: Wm. Heyser, regular democratic candidate, 25; Adam Vanderaar, regular whig candidate, 21; Jacob N. Snyder, a Democrat, but not known as a candidate, 1741. The Chambersburg Whig says that not a man could be found to acknowledge that he had voted for him, or who knew that he was running. The secret of the result was that Mr. Snyder was elected by the new organization called "Know Nothing."

Dr. Wm. H. Harrison, the supposed sender of the infernal machine to Mr. Allison, the steward of the Cincinnati hospital, and which killed him and his wife, has been caught. It is reported, in Iowa.

It is stated that in the siege of Silistria, the Turks lost 10,000, and the Russians 15,000 men.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

New York, July 18. The U. S. Mail Steam Ship Franklin, Capt. Wotten, got ashore on Monday morning on Montauk Point, a headland, forming the East extremity of Long Island, in the Atlantic.—The passengers, however, arrived safely in New York on Tuesday morning. The Franklin left Havre on the morning and Cowes on the evening of the 5th inst.

General Intelligence.—The Austrians had entered Moldavia. The official reply of the Czar had not been received, but it was believed that it would positively refuse to accede to the demands of Austria relative to the evacuation of the Principalities; indeed, the aspect of affairs is decidedly more warlike.

A formidable revolt occurred at Madrid on the 18th ult., and the insurgents under General O'Donnell numbered at the last accounts 4000.

The Franklin lies in a critical situation at Montauk Point. She brought 160 passengers and 800 tons of merchandise.

The latest advices from Madrid state that the city was harried and in a state of siege. The insurgents, under Gen. O'Donnell, demand the resignation of the Ministry and the abdication of the Queen. It was reported at Paris that the rebels had been defeated, but this was not believed.

Advices from Vienna state the Czar's reply to the Austrian summons to evacuate the Principalities expresses the determination to fight it out to the last man and the last mile, rather than comply.

The Russians continued to retire from Wallachia and the right bank of the Danube, but still held possession of Moldavia.

An Austrian force of 24,000 men had been ordered to drive the Russians beyond the river Sereth; and a collision was regarded as almost certain.

The fleets in the Black Sea still threatened Sebastopol.

Admiral Sir Charles Napier was within twenty miles of Cronstadt.

The Czar had commanded each of the landed proprietors of Poland to furnish twenty armed men.

New York, July 15.

Stocks dull and lower; money in good demand; call loans at 7; sterling quiet. Flour advanced 12c a 25c; active demand; Straight State 6 50 a 7 00; good Ohio 7 75 a 8 00; Southern 8 50 a 9 00. Wheat firm for good, market dull for common; White Pennsylvania 2 05; Red Missouri 1 57; Corn firm—Western mixed 68; Southern yellow 75; Southern white 82 83. Whisky firm—Ohio 28 1/2; Pork a trifle lower for mess—prime 10 50; mess 11 50. Iron—Scotch pig six months, 40 a 41. Cotton firm with an upward tendency—active. Rio Coffee in good demand, 10 1/2 a 10 3/4. Tobacco dull—Kentucky 6 a 8 1/2.

VIRGINIA.—A letter from a Massachusetts farmer to the Editor of the Pittsfield Sun says:

"Old Virginia bids fair to be one of the first States with Northern enterprise. Three years ago, in the place where I now reside, there was but one Northern man; now there are forty-eight Northern families within three miles of my farm. Land has since risen from \$2 to \$25 per acre. I am seven miles from the Potomac river, twenty-five miles from the Blue Ridge, twenty south of Alexandria, twenty five from Washington, and thirty from Frederickburg."

It is now correctly ascertained that the over-issue of stock by the notorious Schuyler & Co., amounts to upwards of eleven millions of dollars. No wonder that money matters should get tight, and several "busts" should occur under such circumstances.

The New York Herald of Saturday says a great change has come over the atmosphere, bringing us back from burning heat almost to the verge of winter. The thermometer was down yesterday to sixty-one degrees—thirty degrees below the average of last week. It commenced raining on Thursday night, and kept it up pretty industriously yesterday. It was really yesterday quite cold, and overcoats and even overalls were not uncomfortable. This is strange weather.

THE MICHIGAN DEMOCRACY AND NEBRASKA.—The Times, an Old Line Democratic paper of Detroit, which sympathizes with the New York "Hards," says:

In this city, and we speak it without fear of successful contradiction, all of our prominent Democrats, those who have stood high in the confidence of the party, not holding office under the General Government, are determined to resist the endowments of the Nebraska bill in any shape whatever; and should the convention, by a system of packing, or in the vain opinion of prison duty, send out with their nominations an endorsement of the repeal of the Missouri compromise, they will find at least two-thirds of the party in this section declaring their attachment to resolutions of the national convention, and ignoring the entire action of the State convention.

NEWS FROM MR. SOULE.—A Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing on the 12th inst., says:

Advices have been received from Mr. Soule up to the 23d ult. At that time not the slightest evidence had been shown by the Spanish Government of a disposition to come to an arrangement on the Cuban difficulty. No overtures whatever have been made which could be accepted by the United States government.

If the administration had persisted in the design of appointing two special commissioners to visit Madrid to settle the difficulty, I am able to state positively that Mr. Soule would have resigned immediately on their arrival.

The other day an old lady rushed frantically into the garden in search of her daughter, upon being told that the young lady had gone there with a "rake."

## CHURCH RASCALS.

The world is full of these nuisances. No community is free from them. They steal the 'livings of heaven' to serve the devil in; and are in a majority of cases identified with the dominant sects. Such bipeds are never actuated by high and noble motives—however they may pretend, the discernment of the time can always discover hollow heartedness in all their conduct.

They are generally very punctual in attending the Church that has the strongest current—and while there, will seemingly appear as serious as an owl, when he is studying where he shall catch his next bird. Thus it is with church rascals. While in the house of God, they are planning devilry for the week to come. And that they may do this the more successfully, they evince (seemingly) great love for religion. They wear long faces, and conscience to correspond. They use the church as a kind of cat's paw to do the devil's nasty work with. Fair and honorable dealing forms no part of their religion only so far as the laws of the land compel. Low, cunning fraud, and swindling in a round about way, seem to be their 'chief end.'

Now, so long as churches tolerate these scoundrels, and cloak over their deeds of villainy, so long will religion be disgraced, and the church swarm with rascals as the hive does with bees. Let all honest minded men in the church or out of it, put their heels on such baseness—and uphold a man no longer, when he sets the dog; and in a short time, we should have better state of society. At least we would not have honorable men and rogues, all in the same bag together. A man should be respected and countenanced for his moral worth, his intrinsic merit, and not for his empty professions. But, bismstone seems to be the pass-word with the mass, and he who can parake it with a relish, is hailed as a brother—fellowshiped and acknowledged as such. No matter what the clandestine character of such may be, if he will only attend church, and go through the motion of devotion he shall be received with open arms. This is the chief reason why the ministrations of the sanctuary are as powerless as they are. Corruption white washed, and baptized scoundrelism, are tolerated and protected to such an extent, that men of all character flee to the church as their only refuge in crime. When the Savior was on the earth, he denounced such, as a generation of vipers—as hypocrites. He never sought to cloak over their dark deeds of villainy, and for this very cause, scoundrels conspired against him. So it is at this day and age. All true reformers denounce church rascals, they lift their warning voice against them, and for this very cause they are hated. But for ourselves, we shall continue to urge an uncompromising war against all manner of meanness—especially that which creeps into the church in order to do its filthy work.

THE HAY CROP IN MAINE.—The grass crop in Maine this year is unusually heavy, but there is great difficulty in obtaining fuel to gather it, and in many cases females, it is said, can be seen in the fields working by the side of the men. The wages paid there, the present season, to farm hands, has been unusually large, in some cases as high as \$2 and over, per day.

THE BALTIMORE PATRIOT says, the amendments to the homestead bill already adopted, seem to have changed the feelings of some of its advocates; and, if an opinion can be formed from views informally presented, it appears probable that a bill will be framed embracing the homestead with the graduation principle added. So that we may now feel some degree of confidence that the whole public domain of the country is not to be given away.

AN OPEN COUNTERANCE A SIGN OF IGNORANCE.—A recent writer asserts that the less a man knows, the wider he carries his mouth open. He says it is as impossible for an ignorant man to keep his jaws closed, as it is for an oyster to keep its shell shut.

LIQUOR EXCITEMENT IN SHELBYVILLE.—The grocery of Mr. Harden, in Shelbyville, Ind., was destroyed by a mob on Saturday night, the 17th inst. He had insulted the citizens of the place, and caught a boy and shut him up. There was great excitement on each side.

THE KNOW NOTHING.—The Cincinnati Times says by dint of great industry and sharpness, we discovered the password of this mysterious order. Here it is—"Kissimm-Cannourbummumus-Kellillimpst-Ksanimuximux."

AN inveterate drunkard being told that the cholera with which he was attacked was incurable, and that he would speedily be removed to a world of pure spirits, replied, "Well, that's comfort at all events, for its very difficult to get any in this world."

ANECDOTE.—The following is literally true. A Methodist deacon arose in meeting to "tell his experience," and said, "the devil is a roaring lion, going about seeking whom he may devour; blessed be his holy name!"

In Chicago there is said not to be a single American in the municipal government. Where are the Know Nothings?

"Mrs. Jones," said a gentleman one day last summer when railroad accidents were so numerous, to a lady whose husband was a brakeman, "Mrs. Jones, do you not feel worried about Mr. Jones while he is on the cars, in view of so many accidents that are now daily occurring?" "No, not at all," replied the contented lady, "for if he is killed I know that I shall be paid for it, because Mr. Williams got forty dollars for his cow that was run over by the cars a few days since."

## DOES THE MOON ROTATE?

DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE LADY OF THE MOON AND A PRACTICAL ASTRONOMER.

"Pray, sir," says the Lady of the Moon, "why have you been staring at me all this evening, through that long tube? You had better go home to your wife—the poor lonely woman!"

"I can assure you, madam," quoth the Astronomer, "beautiful as you are, it is not from gallantry. I have kept my eye on you professionally. Pray don't be offended."

"I am offended, sir. Every time I show myself of a clear evening, there are so many quizzing glasses turned upon my face—it is so provoking! I should not care a straw about it if you could learn anything new about me or about my affairs, but I find that you are more ignorant of my ways now than some astronomers were a hundred years ago."

"You are beautiful," replied the Astronomer, in a very seductive tone, "and I fancy you know how beautiful you are! Your face is reflected back—you see yourself from our ocean mirrors."

"You are getting saucy, sir."

"I am talking to a coquette. I have watched you in your librations—in your tossing your head back and forth. You love, madam, to display your charms to us of the earth. Sometimes you nod to show us more of your beautiful forehead, and, after, you look up, that we may see the dimple under your chin; then, turning slowly around, you reveal the tip of a pretty ear; and soon after, you shake at us the clustering curls on the other bright cheek."

"Nonsense, sir! If you had any astronomical acumen,"

The Astronomer, abruptly, and in a pet: "Permit me to ask, madam, if the great Newton had not very great astronomical acumen?"

"What of that, sir, so far as you are concerned?"

The Astronomer, in a very emphatic manner: "I never had a thought which he did not think out. I never advanced a principle which he had not elaborated. (Raising his voice) 'What do you mean, madam? no astronomical acumen!'"

The lady replied in a very calm and musical tone, "Pray, my dear sir, don't get angry. If I were your wife, it might be well to let off a little sharpness now and then; but it does not pay to get angry with one who doesn't care whether you are angry or not. I am, sir, a lone spinster, and lead rather a monotonous life of it; so I have come for a familiar chat. I intend to tell you of things worth knowing—things which will quite set you up."

"Excuse my abruptness, my dear madam. I am very sensitive on the score of my astronomical reputation. I am now all ears," and he bowed very politely.

The lady continued—"Light from me, if it is mere moonshine, will make you a little visible star in the astronomical galaxy. You spoke just now of what you very unpoetically called 'my librations'—just as if I rocked back and forth and up and down!"

"Yes, madam, you do! We astronomers know very well of that habit of yours."

"Astronomers, then, are much mistaken. I keep my face directly to one point; that one point is not on your planet, sir. The earth has no attraction for me!"

The Astronomer replied with assured deliberation. "Pardon me, madam; we know you 'librate.' I see more of your face now than I could see last evening."

The lady—"How apt some folks are to be mistaken! The point towards which I keep my face is considerably distant from the earth; and the earth looks about and around it, so as to enable you to see one cheek my forehead, then my neck, now this cheek, (patting it with her hand), and then the other. But truly, my dear sir, I never turn up nor down. I neither look to the right nor to the left, (solemnly). There is a point from which I never take my eyes."

The Astronomer, much perplexed: "Is it possible, madam?"

The lady replied firmly and distinctly, "What I have told you is true."

"On whom, then, do you look so constant ly, and with such loving eyes?"

The lady, a little bashfully: "I have kept the secret so long."

"Oh! pray tell me! do!"

"I can't speak out plain," replied the lady, in a sweet whisper; "just wait till that cloud hides my blushes; I'll try to give a hint. Don't you remember reading the calculations of one Seth Ward?"

"Seth Ward?" a famous mathematician, who computed the central points of circular planetary orbits? he almost found me out! Did you ever hear of Jeremiah Horrocks, the same man who detected Venus on the very lap of the sun?"

"He had a sharp eye for flirtations among the stars; and he showed a point towards which I never cease to look—a point, from which whoever sees me, never doubts of my constancy, nor of the uniformity of all my goings and comings."

After a pause, the lady laughed right merrily, at which the Astronomer was much offended.

"Excuse me," said the lady. "I could not help laughing when I thought how completely Horrocks exposed the secret of my inclinations, and none of your star-gazing gentry the least wiser for it."

"I must confess, madam, that you are far from being very intelligible to me."

"I thought so," said the lady: "it is all the hint I can give now, and you must puzzle it out for yourself, sir. Come, I will talk on something that you can understand. As I throw my light, the other evening, on the Smithsonian Institute (the building is said by some to look well by moonlight.) I shone through the little windows into the lecture room; and I heard the lecturer—and a grave

man he is, too—tell his audience that I turned on my axis once a month. He is mistaken, sir!"

"Excuse," replied the Astronomer, "my apparent rudeness in contradicting you; but certainly you are joking! Don't you turn on your axis? You know you do! you turn on your heel once a month to have a peep at all the stars. I have caught you now!"

"I did not think," replied the lady, with a toss of her head, "that you were such a— (what word shall I use,)—such a hard-shell. I have to go round the Earth to light up the dark nights for you, and I am so used to it that it is no effort—none whatever, sir. How could I get round the Earth without letting all the stars see my face? Do you ever waltz, sir?"

"I confess, madam, that I have waltzed, on certain occasions, in my younger days."

"Yes, sir, I know it. I looked, and that not very long ago—into a certain room, one evening. Your partner was very handsome—a bright, lively, good girl, sir. You kept your eyes on her eyes, studying astronomy, it is to be supposed, sir—convincing yourself that attraction is actually increased by decrease of distance!"

The Astronomer could not help laughing. "Now answer me this question, sir. If, when you were whirling round your partner, you unfortunately turned on your axis, could you have kept all the time face to face with that pretty girl?"

"Positively a new idea, madam!"

"Yes," continued the lady, "and new ideas are very troublesome at first. Pray tell me, sir, what would be the result if your Earth should leave off turning on its axis as it whirled around the sun?"

The Astronomer, much pleased: "I see, madam. It is all plain. Strange! I never thought of this before. The Earth, in that case, would keep one face to the Sun."

"A second Daniel come to judgment!" exclaimed the lady, "something can be made of you. Now listen to my confession; when I was very young I set my face on one point—the horizon—discovered point, sir—and I forgot to rotate. I was firmly caught. And now, in my more mature days, I have not the least idea of turning on my heels. (Impressingly.) I am content with my lot, sir."

"Do tell me more of that time when you were caught and left off turning about, and became fixed for life."

The lady replied with great dignity and perfect propriety: "Not to-night, sir. I must hang my lantern over other heads. Now, put up your star-seeing apparatus and go home, for your wife is getting cross, and you may have a time of it. I dearly love to see the boys and girls frolicking together of a bright evening, but my poor heart has been sorely distressed when I have looked into the excitement upon a lonely wife—her husband far away—studying astronomy—making experiments on the theory of perturbing attractions. Good night, sir. I won't detain you a moment longer."

"Good night, madam," replied the Astronomer.

The Astronomer hastened home. His face was so brightened up by the new idea, that his wife forgot to scold. After a while the wife exclaimed: "What are you walking round the cradle for, my dear? Sit down or you'll wake up the baby."

"I'll sit down in a moment, love—I am working out an astronomical problem. Look here, I represent the Moon! I consider baby as the Earth—wife, you are my Sun."

"Pooh, pooh, you ought to consider the baby as your son! How do you succeed? how do you come out?"

The Astronomer replied musingly, as if talking to himself: "It is so. Who'd have thought it? It is strange! I cannot go round that cradle and face baby all the time, if I rotate on my axis."

"Husband, I could have told you of that before! Nobody but great astronomers ever believed that the Moon turns round. Don't we see the same side of her every evening?"

The Astronomer did not reply.

## ASTEROID.

BALZAC AND THE THIEF.—As the distinguished author, M. de Balzac, was lying awake in bed, he saw a man enter his room cautiously, and attempt to pick the lock of his writing desk. The rogue was not a little disconcerted at hearing a loud laugh from the occupant of the apartment, whom he supposed asleep. "Why do you laugh, sir?" asked the thief. "I am laughing, my good fellow," said M. de B., "to think what pains you are taking, and what a risk you run, in hope of finding money by night, in a desk where the lawful owner can never find by day." The thief "evacuated Flanders" at once.

Mr. Robert Schuyler, the defaulter, is the same man, the Boston Transcript says, that a few months ago had conscientious scruples about running mail trains on the New Haven Railroad on Sundays. There are a 'few more of the same sort left.'

A woman is now on exhibition in Guadalajara, Mexico, whose face is entirely covered with a heavy growth of hair. She is called the bear woman. It is said the remainder of her person is perfectly natural—exceedingly delicate and woman-like.

LOUISVILLE, July 19. C. C. Orr, Grocer and Commission Merchant suspended. He will probably pay out.

McCullough, Morris & Co., Wholesale Grocers, failed Monday. Liabilities \$125,000; assets \$43,000.

Keep out of bad company, for the chance is that when the devil fires into a flock he will hit somebody.

## THE MAIDEN'S SONG.

To a river's reedy margin,

In the joyous vernal hours,

Came a rosy maiden singing—

In her white hands bearing flowers.

Into many a curious garland,

Wove she then the blossoms fair,

Twining them in graceful beauty

'Mid the clusters of her hair.

Then upon a mossy hillock,

'Neath a friendly sycamore,

Sat she down, and gaily prattled

To the waves which passed the shore.

"Beauteous river, sparkling waters,

Dancing by me clear and bright,

How I love the glassy mirror,

How I love the liquid light!"

Rang she thus the merry maiden,

With a heart as light and gay,

As the gale that wandered by her,

Or a bird on leafy spray.

Not a grief was on her spirit,

Not a shadow in her eye.

And the rose upon her bosom

Knew as well as she to sigh.

"Merry waves! again she warbled—

I have something sweet to say,

For to-night the Earth is wedded

To the Queen of Moon and May."

She hath bound her waving tresses

With a radiant crown of flowers,

And her mantle is the fairest

Woven by the sun and showers.

Joy and gladness are her handmaids,

Spring the maiden gives are thrilling

With their nuptial roundelay.

"Merry waves, softly flowing,

Gleaming in the eye of noon,

I have something else to tell you,

I shall be a bride next June.

I've a gallant hero-lover,

And his heart is true as brave,

He is coming from the war-field,

Where the eagle banners wave.

He is coming, he is coming,

With a conqueror's joy and pride,

He is coming, he is coming,

I shall be his happy bride."

Thus the Maiden blushing whispered

To the waves one sunny day,

Then, startled at the sweet confusion,

Through the woods she fled away.

Time rolled swiftly, May departed

With her flower-crowned shoes,